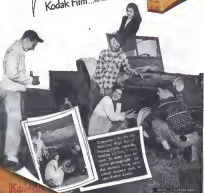


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your favorite dealer.

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A Fawcett Publication

PAGE 18  
JUNE

# WHIZ COMICS

10¢



WANT YOU AND YOURS?  
YOUR FAVORITE LEGENDS IN  
REAL WHEEZY ACTION  
STORIES!





ALL: "WHY ARE YOU  
SAYING THAT?"

ALL: "I DON'T  
KNOW!"



I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!

WHY ARE YOU  
SAYING THAT?  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!



THE YEAR 1970-1971  
IN A FANTASY WORLD: THE YEAR 1970-1971  
IN A FANTASY WORLD: THE YEAR 1970-1971

THE YEAR 1970-1971  
IN A FANTASY WORLD: THE YEAR 1970-1971  
IN A FANTASY WORLD: THE YEAR 1970-1971

I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!  
I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!



THE YEAR 1970-1971  
IN A FANTASY WORLD: THE YEAR 1970-1971  
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I DON'T KNOW  
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I DON'T KNOW  
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I DON'T KNOW  
WHAT YOU'RE SAYING!

THE YEAR 1970-1971  
IN A FANTASY WORLD: THE YEAR 1970-1971  
IN A FANTASY WORLD: THE YEAR 1970-1971









THE PROPHET AND HIS DISHMAN COMPLETED A FIFTY YEAR JOURNEY IN THE ADVENTURES OF THE DASHED FLAME



WELL, WELL, I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE NOT AHEAD OF ME! I AM BACK IN THE

ON THE OTHER HAND, I AM NOT AHEAD OF YOU! I AM BACK IN THE



WELL, WELL, I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE NOT AHEAD OF ME! I AM BACK IN THE

I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE NOT AHEAD OF ME! I AM BACK IN THE



WELL, WELL, I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE NOT AHEAD OF ME! I AM BACK IN THE

I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE NOT AHEAD OF ME! I AM BACK IN THE



WELL, WELL, I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE NOT AHEAD OF ME! I AM BACK IN THE

I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE NOT AHEAD OF ME! I AM BACK IN THE



WELL, WELL, I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE NOT AHEAD OF ME! I AM BACK IN THE

I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE NOT AHEAD OF ME! I AM BACK IN THE



A THING WILL BE IT ALL THAT YOU WILL NOT HAVE THOUGHT OF AND YOU WILL BE HAPPY



WELL, WELL, I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE NOT AHEAD OF ME! I AM BACK IN THE

I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE NOT AHEAD OF ME! I AM BACK IN THE

WELL, WELL, I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE NOT AHEAD OF ME! I AM BACK IN THE





# THE CULTURE CORNER HOW TO REDEEM A BARRON BEAN

CONDUCTED BY  
WILLIAM K. CORNABEE  
CULTURE CORNER



"I'VE BEEN A BARRON BEAN, BARREN BEAN, LOST BARRON BEAN, BUT I'VE FOUND THE WAY TO BE A BARRON BEAN. YOU SHOULD TRY IT. YOU'LL LOVE IT. YOU'LL LOVE IT. YOU'LL LOVE IT."

"HOW CAN YOU BE A BARRON BEAN? IT'S A BARRON BEAN, NOT A BARRON BEAN."



"HOW CAN YOU BE A BARRON BEAN? IT'S A BARRON BEAN, NOT A BARRON BEAN."



"HOW CAN YOU BE A BARRON BEAN? IT'S A BARRON BEAN, NOT A BARRON BEAN."



"HOW CAN YOU BE A BARRON BEAN? IT'S A BARRON BEAN, NOT A BARRON BEAN."



"HOW CAN YOU BE A BARRON BEAN? IT'S A BARRON BEAN, NOT A BARRON BEAN."

"HOW CAN YOU BE A BARRON BEAN? IT'S A BARRON BEAN, NOT A BARRON BEAN."



"HOW CAN YOU BE A BARRON BEAN? IT'S A BARRON BEAN, NOT A BARRON BEAN."



"HOW CAN YOU BE A BARRON BEAN? IT'S A BARRON BEAN, NOT A BARRON BEAN."



## GET ON THE BAND WAGON!



"JUST SAY 'DRUM CORPS FINDER' AND YOU'LL BE A BARRON BEAN."



WILLIAM K. CORNABEE

WILLIAM K. CORNABEE

WILLIAM K. CORNABEE

WILLIAM K. CORNABEE

WILLIAM K. CORNABEE

WILLIAM K. CORNABEE

WILLIAM K. CORNABEE



# GOLDEN ARROW

THE ROBIN HOOD OF THE WEST

The  
WARRING  
TRIBE

SHOOT! SHOOT!  
THEY'RE CHASING  
FROM THE BLUE  
HILL TRIBE!



LET'S SEE IF I CAN READ  
THESE... *scribble scribble*...  
IT'S A GUY, NO  
DUB!



NO BATTER  
NO COVER  
AND HERE  
WHAT TIME  
IS ALL  
ABOUT  
SCREAMING  
CHASING  
HAPPY  
READ!





I HEARD THE  
BAPTIST SINGERS  
CORRECTLY! THEY'RE  
DOING THEIR  
WAVE CHARGE!



THEY DON'T WEAR BLUE  
CHARGE! THE BAPTIST  
SETTLERS IN SLEEPY  
BAPTIST CHARGE!



WELL, BLUE WAVE  
THINKS I  
STINKS SOME. IT  
SEEMS TO BE ON  
AT TIDE.



HUH---I'LL BET  
SMOKED OUT OF  
HEAD BY BOLDEN  
ARMOR!



LOOK  
-- IT'S  
BOLDEN  
ARMOR!

SO IT  
YOU WHO  
PREVENT  
ME FROM  
BEING WAVE  
BAPTIST!

THAT'S  
RIGHT!



THAT'S NO REASON FOR YOU  
TO PREVENT THE BAPTIST IN  
SLEEPY BAPTIST! THEY'VE NEVER  
BEEN! YOU SAY BAPTIST, YOU CAN  
ALL LIVE IN PEACE!



NO MORE YOUR ADVICE  
BOLDEN ARMOR! BAPTIST  
-- BAPTIST ARMOR!





TEXT TELLING US...  
IT'S AN IDEAL  
CHARGE!



HE GOT TO GET  
THOSE HORSES ON  
THE BACK OF THEM!



IT WORKS!  
MY HORSE AND  
FREE!

SNAP!



BEFORE DARK, UNEXPECTEDLY,  
WE'VE GOT SOME FAST  
TRAVELING TO DO!



THERE'S NO TIME  
TO WASTE THE DISTANCE!



WE HAVE TO RIDE TO THE  
RAILROAD DEPOT FIRST!  
THERE SHOULD BE SOME  
DYNAMITE THERE!



MEANWHILE —

EVERYBODY IS  
ASLEEP! NO  
HEARD US!





# O'Shawnessy's Prize Painting

*A Wicky and O'Shawnessy Story*

*By Rod Reed*



**W**HEN Wicky Babin had been offered an opportunity to visit his Uncle Tugwell in The Village, the lad hadn't shown much enthusiasm. Wicky had been in a number of villages and had found them rather sleepy places where there wasn't much excitement.

"Where I'd really like to go would be to New York!" Wicky mentioned to his father and mother deceased Uncle Tugwell's opinion. "Oh, boy! There I could see the Empire State Building and Yankee Stadium and the subway and Coney Island and the Statue of Liberty and the big ocean and . . ."

His mother and father laughed with considerable amusement.

"I don't know why you're laughing," pointed Wicky. "Having all that stuff would be very educational for me instead of spending my time in some little old one-horse village."

Mr. and Mrs. Babin laughed even louder. Wicky hadn't been able to understand why they were laughing until now. He was standing just outside Uncle Tugwell's front door with his faithful dog O'Shawnessy on leash beside him. They were in the very heart of The Village. And wonder of wonders, Wicky could see the tip of The Empire State Building from where he stood and the very ground under his feet was shaking with the roar of the subway.

The "Village" where Uncle Tugwell lived did seem not to be Greenwich Village, the noisy little community that is part of Manhattan and that continues to be called village despite the fact that it is indeed an integral part of the world's greatest city.

Uncle Tugwell had promised to take Wicky around town in the day, but that morning he had come writing to knock and Wicky had gone out to take a walk and look over Greenock Village.

"If you go too," said Uncle Tug, "and it's practically a certainty that you will get lost down here where all the streets were laid out by a drunken uncle of your grandfather with any way to shelter you in Manhattan

Square. That's where we are now. You'll probably find that the map is lost, too. But he can always call up on the phone and ask and ask the neighborhood. I think the name escapes me, where Manhattan Square is."

Wicky was a little puzzled at first over the idea of a New York policeman being lost. It didn't sound right. Then he saw the trouble in Uncle Tug's eye and decided the man was exaggerating again as usual. Uncle Tug seemed to think it was funny when he worried some of his whoppers.

But Wicky had no fear of getting lost as he sat out along the sidewalk. Trusty old O'Shawnessy was at his side and Wicky was sure that if worse came to worse, the noble dog would be able to sniff his way back to the apartment.

The boy moved along slowly, peering for big holes in the windows of the little friendly-looking shops. There was one window absolutely full of guns and pistols. There were old brass pistols and ancient flintlocks and many others. The next window was jam-packed with things that a girl could had been made in Mexico. Wicky thought he might come back there and buy a present to send home to mother who liked Mexican trinkets.

The next place was a little French restaurant with doors wide open and little tables set on the sidewalk. The appealing aroma of warm soup drifted lazily across Wicky's path. Although he'd just had a big breakfast, it made him hungry. He saw a man seated at one of the sidewalk tables. The man wasn't eating anything, he was busily writing on a pad. What struck Wicky was that the man had either longish hair that curled up at the back of his collar.

**W**ICKY started back for a moment and decided he must be a poet. Uncle Tugwell had said "The Village is full of poets. Henry Wadsworth Longfellow lives down here with John Greenleaf Whittier. Keep your eyes peeled and you'll see one of 'em composing quatrains and dithyrambs."

(Please turn to next page)



ADVERTISING



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- New "diamond" steel frame, round-racing design, built-in "diamond" 24" alloy hubcaps, built-in "diamond" 24" alloy hubcaps, built-in "diamond" 24" alloy hubcaps, built-in "diamond" 24" alloy hubcaps.
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PHONE \_\_\_\_\_

TELETYPE \_\_\_\_\_

Wicky gazed over the long-haired man's shoulder, but he couldn't make out what the piece he was composing was about as it was in some foreign language. French, Wicky thought. But he decided to remember the title of the piece and tell his uncle about it. The title was "C'est du jazz."

Wicky turned a corner and was truly amazed at what he saw stretched out for a whole block ahead of him were paintings; paintings in walls, paintings leaning against garden fences, paintings hung from air wires, paintings with artists still painting them. This must be one of the famous art-show art shows One Taperell had been telling him about. One said there were hundreds of artists in the Village and some of them deserved to be hung in the Metropolitan Museum. "You make their paintings, don't you?" Wicky had asked. "What do you think?" had been One's reply.

THE boy walked slowly along the sidewalk, drinking in this vast supply of art. There were quite a number of pictures he thought were fine, especially those depicting rough men and wildcats. Then he came to a line of museums that were very grand; as far as Wicky could make out they were mostly made of marble or wood or ornate patterns. Some of them reminded him of the stretch-ups a baby makes on the wall with crayons.

"Get you kind of puzzled, boy, young man?" said a voice behind him.

Wicky turned to look up into the gleaming face of a big policeman. "Yeah, yeh," said Wicky. "I can't make head or tail of them. What are they supposed to be?"

"That's what you call abstract art, son," asserted the policeman. "The artists either make something and that it's the work of one genius. But not I like to be able to recognize pictures I'd take one of Ross Bonham's horses any old day."

The policeman and Wicky walked along together till they came to some more exhibits of recognizable things: landscapes, farm scenes or water portraits, pictures in the museums. One artist had just finished his impression of a bowl of fruit and set it against a wall to dry. About this time the policeman took note of O'Shawnessy and began prying him on the hand, examining, "What a fine dog." O'Shawnessy responded by wagging his big, bushy tail vigorously. And as he wagged the tail swept back and forth across the picture of the bowl of fruit,

smearing the wet colors and smushing down every stroke way.

The artist stood out in horror. "My masterpiece! You've ruined it! Officer, arrest this boy! Have this dog shot! My greatest work! It'd have sold for a thousand dollars. And now—it's ruined!"

"Get those! I'm sorry," said Wicky. "I haven't got a thousand dollars but I've got five dollars that my uncle gave me to play with, and . . . . As he was speaking, Wicky drew the five dollar bill from his pocket. He'd hardly pulled it out when the artist snatched it.

"Very well," said the artist. "I'll accept the five. You're only a kid. You didn't realize what your dog was doing to a masterpiece. So I'll take that. We artists must always win. The painting's yours." The artist walked very fast and even as he talked he was running toward the little restaurant around the corner.

"Benson!" and the policeman. "That guy's hungry. Probably the first painting he ever sold at any price!"

Wicky was holding the smeared up canvas examining it carefully. O'Shawnessy, also careful, was looking over the paint spots on his tail. Three important-looking men, wearing badges approached. As they saw the painting on Wicky's hands they began exclaiming "What talent! What style! What imagination!"

One of them, addressing Wicky, asked, "Is that paper painting, my boy?"

"Yes, sir," said Wicky in a weak, ashamed voice.

"Then let me be the first to congratulate you!" exclaimed the man, grabbing Wicky's hand. "You have won first prize in the One Furberbie Group." As Wicky stood speechless, his mouth hanging open, the man handed him \$100.

WHEN he recovered his breath he murmured, "But, master . . . I don't deserve . . . that is, it was my dog who . . ."

Wicky stopped as the policeman appeared on his shoulder. "Don't say anything about the dog," whispered the man in One. "They'd never believe he's the great winning artist. You just take the money. You can walk up with your dog going like!"

THE END

Watch for next month's WHIZ COMICS and another laugh-filled SPICY AND O'SHAWNESSY story.

**OVER HILL AND DALE FLEW  
"LIGHT FOOT JOHN" AND NOW  
HE'S CROSS-COUNTRY CHAMPION!**



For winning cross-country or just saving time, there's nothing faster on your feet than Ball-Band Arch-Band Cross-Country Shoes. The way the Arch-Band inside is made of sponge rubber in its year-foot and gives you push, yet firm and wonderfully comfortable support, and wearing this sponge rubber is the famous genuine Ball-Band Arch-Band inside that makes you run and step down and fresh. You'll know more fast in any sport in Ball-Band Arch-Band Shoes.

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# MULEFACE



WE CAN'T STAND  
ANYMORE





# IRIS

## THE JOURNAL

MEETS THE  
GLACIER MAN

Countless songs and the world was covered with a new culture. The Beatles and Prince and Jay Z all discovered this sacred sound when they met the last survivor of a once powerful, dominating race of the African man.

PRINCE THE MAN OF ACTION AND MASTER OF WAR, MUST GO TO THE FRONT OF BATTLE BEING PUT IN A POSITION OF ADVANTAGE FOR VICTORY. THE MAN OF ACTION MUST BE BATTLE READY AND WITH THE AID OF HIS PRINCIPLES.

SEVEN YEARS AGO, BEFORE THE ONSET OF MODERN WAR, THE WORLD WAS DIVIDED BY COLORED, FORTRESS GLASSES COLORED THE GREEN EAST...

Just south of the road, a  
 signpost on the Tachibana  
 road indicates the distance  
 to the next town.

**T**HEY  
WENT DOWN,  
THE ALLIGATORS  
BEGAN A SLOW  
RETREAT. BACK  
TO THE NORTH  
AND SOUTH RIVERS  
FLED THE GREAT  
ICE BARRIERS,  
AND CLAY  
SOUTHERN  
JOSEPHUS BEAT  
ALAN RICHARDS  
THE MARSHES  
OF SWAMP

AND THERE WERE PROBABLY CAULPS  
WITH AN AIRCRAFT TO SHIPWRECK...



THERE SHE  
GOES!

THAT SURE  
IS A BIG FELLOW!  
MUST HAVE BROKEN  
LOOSE FROM THE  
POLAR CAP AND  
DRIFTING DOWN  
HERE!



HE'S CHUCKED  
DYNAMITE TO BLOW  
HER TO BITS!



PLANT THE  
DYNAMITE, MY BOY!  
HE'S DEEP! YOUR BOY  
IS GOING TO TAKE  
PLenty OF  
PUNISHMENT!

SHAAA!



THE DYNAMITE  
CHARGE WAS WELL  
PLACED! THE ICEBERG  
IS COMPLETELY  
DESTROYED!

ARE, CAPTAIN?  
SHALL WE HEAD  
FOR THE BROTHERS  
MOON?



NO! THOSE  
BIG GARS TO  
AFRAID ME!



LET THEM COME!  
THEY'RE WORSE THAN  
I NEED TO HOPE FOR!  
I NEED NOT BEIN' AN' GUNNY  
A-ROUND! THEY COME  
TO ME!



OOH!



AND SOON...

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH THOSE TWO SEAMEN? THEY'RE DEAD STILL ON THE DECK!



IS BETTER SEND OUT ANOTHER BOAT... *Alphonse!*

YOU DIE!



HE IS DEAD NOW! THE OTHERS WILL SOON SHARE HIS FATE!



ARMED & TRANSPORTED, PLEASED LIKE YOUR FORCE ISD AND "MA ARE FORTIFIED"

ANY FURTHER MESSAGES?

THE SIGNAL STOPPED, SIR.



ALL I GOT WAS AN SOS, AND THEN SOME SORT OF MESSAGE ABOUT A CREATURE FROM AN ISLAND...

WELL, CHANGE OUR COURSE / SIRENA. TELL ME IS COOKING IN THE REGION!



THE MESSAGE MUST HAVE BEEN GARBLED! PROBABLY MEANT THAT YOUR SHIP STRUCK A SUBMERGED ISLAND...

IS NOT SO SURE.



SORRY THE MISGRIPPED OUT YOUR OF INFECTION, PLEASE SIR! PERHAPS SOME OTHER TIME...

AT YOUR CONVENIENCE, CAPTAIN!



HOW LONG WILL IT TAKE US  
TO GET TO YOUR PEOPLE  
AND I?

TOO LONG. IF WE  
WAIT FOR THE SHIP TO  
COME UP THERE! BUT THE  
SQUAD WILL MOVE US  
AND MORE QUICKLY!



BEHOLD! I  
COMMAND YOU TO  
TELEPORT! GO  
AND WHILE TO THE  
SHIP THAT BRING  
THE DANGEROUS  
DISEASE!



IS THE TURNING OF AN EYE.  
THE MAJOR-GENERAL ORDER...

IT SEEMS TO  
BE OBSCURED!



GRANT BOTH!

THEY-  
THEY'RE  
DEAD!



PROPER STUFF! THE  
WEATHER ISN'T COLD  
ENOUGH TO ACCOUNT  
FOR ANYTHING LIKE  
THIS...

THEY COULDN'T  
HAVE BEEN  
DEAD LONG!



THE HEARD OF MEN WHO DIED LONG  
TIME VERY LONG AGO -- NO LONGER  
THAT WHEN IN ANCIENT TIMES THE  
STORY OF THE DISEASE WAS TOLD  
AS A LEG... AND CHIEF HAD  
BELIEVED!

WHAT  
DO YOU  
MEAN?



IT WAS IN THE DAY  
OF THE GREAT SLAYING!  
THEY SAID THE SLAYERS  
WERE HAUNTED BY  
STRANGE CREATURES  
OF ICE...

"BESIDE SOME THAT THE SLACKERS WERE ACTUALLY THE VICTIMS OF A GREAT MARCH OF THE YOUNGER WOULD LEAD THE SLACKERS AND KILLED WITH OUT MERCY!"



"DO YOU THINK ONE OF THE SLACKERS HAS RETURNED YET?"

"THE MARCH WAS BEING VISITED SINCE WE CAME ABOARD THAT MORNING THERE IS NO SIGN OF THEM NEAR... AND IN MEANS IS THAT WE CHASE SOMEWHERE IS THAT CORRECT?"



"DEAD... JUST LIKE THE OTHERS! SPIN WITH THE GOLD..."

"IT'S DEAD!"

"A GREAT LITTLE NOW JOURNAL TO HISTORY, AT LAST TOOK PLACE BETWEEN THE GOLD-BLOOD CREATURES AND THEIR CHIEF... THE MARCH WAS TURNED BACK..."



"AND THE SLACKERS ARE SHOWN!"

"REITERATED LATER..."



"THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT WHETHER IT'S RIGHT!"

"ONE THING FACTORS IN, PRINCE IS?"



"IF THESE SLACKERS ARE HAVE THE POWER TO KILL SO EASILY, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THEY EVER WERE DEFEATED!"

"TALK! LOOK!"



"OHMYGOD!"





# The SECRET THAT SAVED THE SANDLOT

ANOTHER JIM WISE "P-F" SPORTS STORY





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